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Flash C. Non-Fiction (369 Words)

Layer Cake

I stepped on a lizard once and killed it dead, outside Austin Nevada. It was maybe 1973 and I was probably eight at the time. Devastating sequence, indeed. I found the lizard in a pretty much abandoned high elevation remote campground, on a really lovely pine covered November afternoon. Reckon the reptile was a typical mountain desert skinny sort, about the size of a human hand, one of those with tails that'll pop if you pull it. Which of course regrows kinda like a fingernail might. It was so exciting finding that cool lookin' reptile in a place so very far from civilization. Especially being super alone at the camp, with ours being the only RV for miles. The situation: Round 3:20 PM I saw the lizard kind of standing near a sage, right there in the sand. Damn it was cool. Being born and raised in Vegas I'd seen many like it before, but that one kind of hung around like it was royalty, drinkin' sunshine and relaxed in a mild breeze from the cirrus clouds. One supposes. As I walked over I was sure the little lizard and I would become great friends. Yeah, except the lizard took one look at the approaching Homo sapiens and would have none of that, first running directly away and then strangely turning backward through my shadow. I quickly stepped out of its path to see if I could get safely behind. Bad move. My feet (wearing Hush Puppies of the 70s) got jammed-up…and lo if the lizard got grape smashed under my left foot. I was instantly mortified, pulling my foot away and observing the poor creature half-crushed, squirming, bleeding, clearly plastered to the ground in its own liquid. In full thrashing agony it was, not yet entering death. With instant compassion I crushed the little lizard over and over, ridding it of my errors while yelling "No! No! No!" and shedding tears. It was saddening as hell but also quite angering. Damn. Today the "stupidly" of accidentally killing the royal little lizard makes me sick. And it shines as a lesson that's no doubt a layer cake. Deeper than you might think, and way more than I thought…in 1973.

End.